

COMPLETE.

BEADLE'S DIME

NUMBER 2.

TALES,

Traditions and Romance of Border and Revolutionary Times.

EDWARD S. ELLIS, EDITOR.



BIG JOE LOGSTON'S GREAT INDIAN FIGHT.
DEBORAH, THE MAIDEN WARRIOR.
JOHNSON BOYS KILLING THEIR CAPTORS.
GEN. MORGAN'S PRAYER.

NEW YORK:

BEADLE AND COMPANY, 118 WILLIAM ST.

General Dime Book Publishers.

Ready November Sixteenth.

BEADLE'S DIME

TALES, TRADITIONS AND ROMANCE

OF

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T A L E S,
TRADITIONS AND ROMANCE

OF

BORDER AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

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JUL

BIG JOE LOGSTON'S

STRUGGLE WITH AN INDIAN.

WE have plentiful stories of encounters between the white man and the red, in which the fierce rivalry is contested with rifles, knives, or the swift foot-race for life; but it is seldom we hear of a genuine *fist-fight* between the hardy men of the forest and their implacable foe. Only two or three such novel incidents occur in the history of the Western border.

Joe Logston was one of the race of famous frontier men, the "Hunters of Kentucky," whose exploits have been told in story and sung in song. He could, to use his own words, "outrun, outhop, outjump, throw down, drag out and whip any man in the country"—which was saying a good deal for those days, when men like Brady, Wetzel, McClelland, Adam Poe and Kenton sprung up to face the dangers of the hour.

Joe was a powerful fellow of six foot three in his stockings, and proportionately stout and muscular, with a handsome, good-natured face, and a fist like a sledge-hammer. Fear was a word of which he knew not the meaning, while to *fight* was his pastime, particularly if his own scalp was the prize he fought for.

On one occasion he was mounted on his favorite pony, bound on an expedition outside the fort. The pony was leisurely picking his way along the trail, with his head down and half asleep, while his rider was enjoying a feast on some wild grapes which he had gathered as he passed along. Neither dreamed of danger, until the crack of two rifles on either side the path killed the horse and wounded the rider. A ball struck Joe, grazing the skin above

the breast-bone, but without doing any material damage. The other ball passed through his horse, just behind the saddle. In an instant Joe found himself on his feet, grasping his trusty rifle, which he had instinctively seized as he slipped to the ground, ready for the foe. He might easily have escaped by running, as the guns of the Indians were empty, and they could not begin to compete with him in speed. But Joe was not one of that sort. He boasted that he had never left a battle-field without making his "mark," and he was not disposed to begin now. One of the savages sprang into the path and made at him, but finding his antagonist prepared, he "treed" again. Joe, knowing there were two of the varmints, looked earnestly about him for the other, and soon discovered him between two saplings, engaged in reloading his piece. The trees were scarcely large enough to shield his person, and in pushing down the ball, he exposed his hips, when Joe, quick as thought, drew a bead, and firing, struck him in the exposed part. Now that his rifle was empty, the big Indian who had first made his appearance, rushed forward, feeling sure of his prey, and rejoicing in the anticipated possession of the white man's scalp. Joe was not going to resign this necessary and becoming covering to his head without a struggle, and stood, calmly awaiting the savage, with his rifle clubbed and his feet braced for a powerful blow. Perceiving this, his foe halted within ten paces, and with all the vengeful force of a vigorous arm, threw his tomahawk full at Joe's face. With the rapidity of lightning it whirled through the air; but Joe, equally quick in his movements, dodged it, suffering only a slight cut on the left shoulder as it passed, when he "went in."

The Indian darted into the bushes, successfully dodging the blows made at his head by the now enraged hunter, who, becoming excited to madness at the failure of his previous efforts, gathered all his strength for a final blow, which the cunning savage dodged as before, while the rifle, which by this time had become reduced to the simple barrel, struck a tree and flew out of Joe's hands at least ten feet into the bushes.

The Indian sprang to his feet and confronted him. Both empty-handed, they stood for a moment, measuring each the other's strength; it was but a moment, for the blood was flowing freely

from the wound in Joe's breast, and the other thinking him more seriously wounded than he really was, and expecting to take advantage of his weakness, closed with him, intending to throw him. In this, however, he reckoned without his host. In less time than it takes to recount it, he found himself at full length on his back, with Joe on top. Slipping from under him with the agility of an eel they were both on their feet again—and again closed. This time the savage was more wary, but the same result followed—he was again beneath his opponent. But having the advantage of Joe, in being naked to his breech-cloth, and *oiled* from head to foot, he could easily slip from the grasp of the hunter and resume his perpendicular. Six different times was he thrown with the same effect; but victory—fickle jade—seemed disposed to perch on the banner of neither of the combatants. There were no admiring thousands looking on at this exciting “mill”—no seconds to insist upon fairness and preserve the rules of the ring—only one poor wounded spectator, and two foes fighting not for fame but life.

By this time they had, in their struggles and contortions, returned to the open path, and Joe resolved upon a change of tactics. He was becoming sensibly weaker from loss of blood, while, on the other hand, the savage seemed to lose none of his strength by the many falls he had experienced. Closing again in a close hug, they fell as before; this time, instead of endeavoring to keep his antagonist down, Joe sprung at once to his feet, and, as his antagonist came up, dealt him a blow with his fist between the eyes, which felled him like an ox, at the same time falling with all his might upon his body.

This was repeated every time he rose, and began to tell with fearful effect upon the savage's body as well as his face, for Joe was no light weight, and at every succeeding fall the Indian came up weaker, seeming finally disposed to retreat; this his opponent decidedly objected to; his “spunk was up;” he dealt his blows more rapidly, until the savage lay apparently insensible at his feet. Falling upon him, he grasped the Indian's throat with a grip like a vice, intending to strangle him. He soon found that the savage was “playing possum,” and that some movement was going forward, the purport of which he could not immediately guess. Following with his eye the

direction of the movement, Joe found that he was trying to disengage his knife which was in his belt, but the handle of which was so short that it had slipped down beyond reach, and he was working it up by pressing on the point. Joe watched the effort with deep interest, and when it was worked up sufficient for his purpose, seized it, and with one powerful blow drove it to the owner's heart, leaving him quivering in the agonies of death.

Springing to his feet the victor now bethought him of the other red-skin, and looked around to discover him. He still lay, with his back broken by Joe's ball, where he had fallen, and, having his piece loaded, was trying to raise himself upright to fire it; but every time he brought it to his shoulder he would tumble forward and have again to renew the effort. Concluding that he had had enough fighting for exercise, and knowing that the wounded Indian could not escape, Joe took his way to the fort.

Although he presented a frightful sight when he reached there—his clothes being torn nearly from his person, which was covered with blood and dirt from his head to his feet—yet his account was hardly believed by some of his comrades, who thought it one of Joe's "big stories," which had the reputation of being as big as himself, though not half so well authenticated. "Go and satisfy yourselves," said he; and a party started for the battle-ground, where their suppositions were confirmed, as there were no Indians about, and no evidence of them, except Joe's dead horse in the path. On looking carefully about, however, they discovered a trail which led a little way into the bushes, where they discovered the body of the big Indian buried under the dead leaves by the side of a stump. Following on, they found the corpse of the second, with his own knife thrust into his heart and his grasp still upon it, to show that he died by his own hand. Nowhere could they discover the knife with which Joe had killed the big Indian. They found it at last, thrust into the ground, where it had been forced by the heel of his wounded companion, who must have suffered the most intense agony while endeavoring to hide all traces of the white man's victory.

Joe got the credit for his story, while his comrades universally lamented that they had not been spectators of this pugilistic encounter between "big Indian" and "big Joe."

Another one of the forest scenes which stand out so vividly in pictures of American life, occurs to us. It is unique in its character, and will excite a smile, as well as a feeling of admiration for the tact and courage which enacted it.

In the early part of the Revolutionary war, a sargeant and twelve armed men undertook a journey through the wilderness, in the State of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlements, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. Nothing material happened the first day of their excursion; but early in the afternoon of the second, they, from an eminence, discovered a body of armed Indians advancing toward them, whose number rather exceeded their own. As soon as the whites were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made signals, and the two parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much gratified with meeting the sargeant and his men, whom they observed they considered as their protectors; said they belonged to a tribe which had raised the hatchet with zeal in the cause of liberty, and were determined to do all in their power to repel the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was, "How d'ye do, *pro*, how d'ye do, *pro*," that being their pronunciation of the word brother. When they had conversed with each other for some time, and exchanged mutual good wishes, they at length separated, and each party traveled in a different direction. After proceeding to the distance of a mile or more, the sargeant, who was acquainted with all the different tribes, and knew on which side of the contest they were respectively ranked, halted his men and addressed them in the following words:

"My brave companions, we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertions to defend ourselves, to-morrow's sun may find us sleeping never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words, and your anxiety will not be lessened, when I inform you, that we have just passed our most inveterate foe, who, under the mask of pretended friendship you have witnessed, would lull us to security, and by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate."

The men with astonishment listened to this short harangue; and

their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion but they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual preservation and destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted and executed :

The spot selected for their night's encampment was near a stream of water, which served to cover their rear. They felled a large tree, before which on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely in his blanket, placed his hat upon the extremity, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived, and mistake it for a man. After logs equal in number to the sargeant's party were thus fitted out, and so artfully arranged that they might be easily mistaken for so many soldiers, the men with loaded muskets placed themselves behind the fallen tree, by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was supplied in fuel, and kept burning brilliantly until late in the evening, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching, when an attack might be expected from the Indians ; but the sargeant's men rested in their place of concealment with great anxiety till near midnight, without perceiving any movement of the enemy.

At length a tall Indian was discovered through the glimmering of the fire, cautiously moving toward them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp. For a time his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, who would give the alarm in case of danger ; but all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as he numbered each log of wood, or what he supposed to be a human being quietly enjoying repose. To satisfy himself more fully as to the number, he counted them over a second time, and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by another Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner. Soon after the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered approaching, and greedily eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the sargeant's men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and cruel

purpose of their enemies, who were now so near that they could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan, however, of the sargeant, was to have his men remain silent in their places of concealment till the muskets of the savages were discharged, that their own fire might be more effectual, and opposition less formidable.

Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians, in a body, cautiously approached, till within a short distance; they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate logs, gave the dreadful warwhoop, and instantly rushed forward with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, to despatch the living, and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they had collected in close order, more effectually to execute their horrid intentions, the party of the sargeant, with unerring aim, discharged their pieces, not on logs of wood, but perfidious savages, not one of whom escaped destruction by the snare into which they led themselves.

There must have been a touch of grim humor about that sargeant as well as of cool courage.

Many instances are on record of those days of danger—where either in battle or in the settlement of new countries, the cruel and crafty red-man had to be encountered—where the minds of men have been thrown from their balance by the sight of barbarities, or the suffering of afflictions, which overthrow their shuddering reasons. Some men have been called monomaniacs, from the fact of their restless and rankling hatred of the race who had inflicted some great misery upon them or theirs. But it is hardly strange that when they saw those savages behave worse than tigers, they decided to treat them like wild beasts, and that they were justified in the attempt to exterminate them. There must be men in Minnesota, at this day, who are monomaniacs on the subject of the red-skins. One of the most noted of these Indian haters was John Moredock, of Kentucky; and these are the circumstances which made him so, as given in a fine paper on the early settlers, in Harper's Magazine for 1861:

Toward the end of the last century there lived at Vincennes a woman whose whole life had been spent on the frontier. She had been widowed four or five times by the Indians; her last husband,

whose name was Moredock, had been killed a few years before the time of which we speak. But she had managed to bring up a large family in a respectable manner. Now, when her sons were growing up, she resolved to better their condition by moving "West." The whole of Illinois was a blooming waste of prairie land, except in a few places where stood the trading-posts built a hundred years before by the French.

The lower peninsula of Illinois was not of a nature to attract emigrants when so much finer lands were to be found on the banks of the Great River and its tributaries; nor was a land journey over that marshy region, infested as it was by roving bands of savages, to be lightly undertaken, when the two rivers furnished a so much more easy though circuitous way to the delightful region beyond. Hence it was usual for a company of those intending to make the journey to purchase a sufficient number of pirogues, or keel-boats, in them descend the Ohio, and then ascend the Mississippi to the mouth of the Kaskaskia, or any other destined point. By adopting this mode of traveling all serious danger of Indian attacks was avoided, except at one or two points on the latter stream, where it was necessary to land and draw the boats around certain obstructions in the channel.

To one of these companies the Moredock family joined itself—several of the sons being sufficiently well-grown to take a part not only in the ordinary labors of the voyage but in any conflict that might occur. All went well with the expedition until they reached the rock known as the "Grand Tower" on the Mississippi, almost within sight of their destination. Here, supposing themselves to be out of danger, the men carelessly leaped on shore to drag the boats up against the current, which here rushed violently around the base of the cliff. The women and children, fifteen or twenty in number, tired of being cooped in the narrow cabins for three or four weeks, thoughtlessly followed. While the whole party were thus making their way slowly along the narrow space between the perpendicular precipice on one hand, the well-known yell of savage onset rung in their ears, and a volley of rifles from above stretched half a dozen of the number dead in their midst, while almost at the same moment a band of the painted demons appeared at each end of the fatal pass. The experienced border men, who saw at a glance that

their condition was hopeless, stood for one moment overwhelmed with consternation; but in the next the spirit of the true Indian fighter awoke within their hearts, and they faced their assailants with hopeless but desperate valor.

The conflict that ensued was only a repetition of the scene which the rivers and woods of the West had witnessed a thousand times before, in which all the boasted strength and intelligence of the whites had been baffled by the superior cunning of the red-men. "Battle Rock," "Murder Creek," "Bloody Run," and hundreds of similar names scattered throughout our land, are but so many characters in that stern epitaph which the aborigines, during their slow retreat across the continent toward the Rocky Mountains, and annihilation, have written for themselves in the blood of the destroying race. The history of Indian warfare contains no passage more fearful than is to be found in the narrative of the massacre at the Grand Tower of the Mississippi. Half armed, surprised, encumbered with their women and children, and taken in so disadvantageous a situation, being all huddled together on a narrow sand-beach, with their enemies above and on either side, their most desperate efforts availed not even to postpone their fate; and in the space of ten minutes after the warning yell was heard, the mangled bodies of forty men, women and children lay heaped upon the narrow strip of sand. The conflict had ended in the complete destruction of the emigrant company—so complete that the savages imagined not a single survivor remained to carry the disastrous tidings to the settlements.

But one such wretched survivor, however, there was. John Moredock, who, having fought like a young tiger until all hope of saving even a part of the unfortunate company was lost, and who then, favored by the smoke, and the eagerness of the assailants for scalps, and the plunder of the boats, glided through the midst of the savages and nestled himself in a cleft of the rocks. Here he lay for hours, sole spectator of a scene of Indian ferocity which transformed his young heart to flint, and awoke that thirst for revenge which continued to form the ruling sentiment of his future life, and which raged as insatiably on the day of his death, forty years later, when he had become a man of mark, holding high offices in his adopted State, as it did when crouching among the rocks of the Grand

Tower; and, beholding the bodies of his mother, sisters and brothers mangled by the Indian tomahawk, he bound himself by a solemn oath never from that moment to spare one of the accursed race who might come within reach of his arm; and especially to track the footsteps of the marauding band who had just swept away all that he loved on earth, until the last one should have paid the penalty of life for life.

How long he remained thus concealed he never knew; but at length, as the sun was setting, the Indians departed, and John Moredock stepped forth from his hiding-place, not what he had entered it, a brave, light-hearted lad of nineteen, the pride of a large family circle and the favorite of a whole little colony of borderers, but an orphan and an utter stranger in a strange land, standing alone amidst the ghastly and disfigured corpses of his family and friends. He had hoped to find some life still lingering amidst the heaps of carnage; but all, all had perished. Having satisfied himself of this fact, the lonely boy—now transformed into that most fearful of all beings, a thoroughly desperate man—quitted the place, and, guiding himself by the stars, struck across the prairie toward the nearest settlement on the Kaskaskia, where he arrived the next morning, bringing to the inhabitants the first news of the massacre which had taken place so near their own village, and the first warning of the near approach of the prowling band which had been for several months depredating, at various points along that exposed frontier, in spite of the treaties lately made by their nations with the Federal Government.

John Moredock was by nature formed for a leader in times of danger, and his avowed determination to revenge the massacre of his friends and kindred by the extirpation of the murderous band coincided so exactly with the feelings of the frontiersmen, that, in spite of his lack of previous acquaintance, he in a few days found himself at the head of a company of twenty-five or thirty young men, whose lives had been spent in the midst of all kinds of perils and hardships, and who now bound themselves to their leader by an oath never to give up the pursuit until the last one of the marauding band engaged in the attack at Grand Tower should be slain.

Stanch as a pack of blood-hounds this little company of avengers

ranged the frontier from the Des Moines to the Ohio, now almost within reach of their victims, and now losing all trace of them on the boundless prairies over which they roamed, unconscious of the doom by which they were being so hotly but stealthily pursued. Once, indeed, the whites came up with their game on the banks of a tributary of the Missouri, a hundred and fifty miles beyond the utmost line of the settlements; but as the Indians, though unsuspecting of any particular danger, had pitched their camp in a spot at once easy to defend and to escape from, and as Moredock wished to destroy and not to disperse them, he forbore striking a partial blow, and resolved rather to postpone his revenge than to enjoy it incompletely.

Fortune, however, seemed to repay him for this act of self-restraint by presenting the very opportunity he had sought, when, a few weeks afterward, he discovered the whole gang of marauders encamped for the night on a small island in the middle of the Mississippi. After a hasty consultation with his companions, a course of procedure was determined upon which strikingly displays both the monomaniacal tendency of the leader and the desperate ascendancy he had acquired over his followers. This was nothing less than to shut themselves up on that narrow sand-bar and to engage the savages in a hand-to-hand conflict—a conflict from which neither party could retreat, and which must necessarily end in the total destruction of one or the other. A most desperate undertaking truly, when we reflect that the numbers of the combatants were about equal, and that to surprise an Indian encampment was next to impossible. But John Moredock, and, probably, more than one of his companions, were monomaniacs, and considerations of personal danger never entered into their calculations. Revenge, not safety, was their object, and they took little thought of the latter when the opportunity of compassing the former was presented.

Slowly and stealthily, therefore, the canoes approached the island when all sounds there had ceased, and the flame of the camp-fire had sunk into a pale-red glow, barely marking the position of the doomed party among the undergrowth with which the central portion of the little isle was covered. The Indians, confiding in their natural watchfulness, seldom place sentinels around their camps; and

thus Moredock and his band reached the island without being discovered. A few moments sufficed to set their own canoes as well as those of the Indians adrift, and then, with gun in hand and tomahawk ready, they glided noiselessly, as so many panthers, into the thicket, separating as they advanced so as to approach the camp from different quarters. All remained still as death for many minutes while the assailants were thus closing in around their prey, and not a twig snapped, and scarcely a leaf stirred in the thick jungle through which thirty armed men were making their way in as many different directions, but all converging toward the same point, where a pale glimmer indicated the position of the unsuspected savages. But though an Indian camp may be easily approached within a certain distance, it is almost impossible, if there be any considerable number of them, to actually strike its occupants while asleep. As savages, roaming at large over the face of the continent without fixed habitations, and relying upon chance for the supply of their few wants, they know nothing of that regularity of habit which devotes certain fixed portions of time to the various purposes of life, but each one eats, sleeps or watches, just as his own feelings may dictate at the moment, without any regard to established usages of time or place. Hence the probability of finding all the members of an Indian party asleep at the same time is small indeed.

On the present occasion two or three warriors, who were smoking over the embers, caught the alarm before the assailants had quite closed in. Still the surprise gave the white men a great advantage, and half a dozen of the savages were shot down in their tracks before they comprehended the meaning of the hideous uproar, which suddenly broke the midnight stillness as Moredock and his company, finding their approach discovered, rushed in upon them. This fatal effect of the first volley was a lucky thing for the adventurers; for the Indians are less liable to panics than almost any other people, and they closed with their assailants with a fury that, combined with their superior skill in nocturnal conflict, would have rendered the issue of the struggle a very doubtful matter had the number of combatants been more nearly even. As it was, the nimble warriors fought their way against all odds to the point where their canoes had been moored. Here, finding their expected means of flight

removed, and exposed upon the naked sand-beach, the survivors still made desperate battle until all were slain except three, who plunged boldly into the stream, and, aided by the darkness, succeeded in reaching the main land in safety.

Twenty-seven of those engaged in the massacre at the Grand Tower had been destroyed at a single blow. But three had escaped from the bloody trap, and while these lived the vengeance of John Moredock was unsatisfied. They must perish, and he determined that it should be by his own hand. He therefore dismissed his faithful band, and thenceforth continued the pursuit alone. Having learned the names of the three survivors he easily tracked them from place to place, as they roamed about in a circuit of three or four hundred miles. Had the wretches known what avenger of blood was thus dogging their tracks, the whole extent of the continent would not have afforded space enough for their flight, or its most retired nook a sufficiently secure retreat. But quite as relentless Moredock pursued his purpose, and but few even of his acquaintances knew the motive of his ceaseless journey along the frontiers from Green Bay to the mouth of the Ohio, and far into the unsettled wastes beyond the Mississippi.

At length, about two years after the massacre of his family at the Tower, he returned to Kaskaskia, having completed his terrible task, and bearing the scalp of the last of the murderers at his girdle.

Moredock lived to be a popular and leading man in his State, an office-holder, a kind neighbor and beloved head of a family, yet he never relaxed in his hatred of the race who had poisoned the fountain of youthful hope for him.

DEBORAH SAMPSON, THE MAIDEN WARRIOR.

THERE comes to us, from the days of chivalry, in song and story, legends of ladies who followed their lords to the distant field of Palestine, hiding their soft hearts under the disguise of the page's dress. Time, the romancer, has thrown his enchanting vail over their adventures, surrounding them with the grace of mystery and the glory of sentiment.

Perhaps in the far-away future of our immortal republic, young men and maidens will dream over the story of DEBORAH SAMPSON, the girl-soldier of that Revolution which won us our liberties. It will not be said that she donned the uniform and shouldered the musket for the sake of some dear lover, that she might ever be near to watch over him in the hour of danger, and to nurse him if wounded, with all the tender solicitude of woman's love; but it will be told that she went into the service of her country because men were few and her heart was in the cause. She had health and courage, and that high patriotism which burned alike in manly and feminine breasts. That she was brave, is proven by her being twice wounded in battle. There is no need of putting any other construction than that of pure patriotism upon her actions; the steadiness with which she performed her duties show that it was no wild love of adventure which possessed her.

Deborah Sampson was born in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Her parents were poor and vicious, and their children were taken from them by the hand of charity, to be placed with different families, where there was a prospect of their being better cared for. Deborah found a home with a respectable farmer, by whom she was treated as one of the family, except in the matter of education. To overcome this deprivation she used to borrow the books of school children, over which she pored until she learned to read tolerably well. This simple fact reveals that her mind was no ordinary one. She was a true child of New England, ambitious to be

the equal of those by whom she was surrounded, and looking upon ignorance almost as degradation. Many of our now famous minds began their culture in this humble way, by the side of the kitchen fire, perhaps with a pine-torch, by the light of which to pursue their eager groping after knowledge.

As soon as the completion of her eighteenth year released her from indenture, she hastened to seek a situation in which to improve herself, and made arrangements with a family to work one-half her time for her board and lodging, while, during the other half, she attended the district-school. Her improvement was so rapid, that in a comparatively short space of time she was thought competent to teach, and by doing so for one term, the ambitious girl amassed the sum of *twelve dollars*! In all this we see the remarkable energy and force of character which enabled her to carry out the career she afterward chose. The young bound-girl who so soon would raise herself to the position of teacher, must have had in her elements, which, had she been a *man*, would have urged her to the performance of deeds that would have given her prominence in those stirring days.

While Deborah was teaching her little summer school, the spirit of resistance to tyranny which long had struggled toward the light, burst forth over the whole country, never to be hid again. The first battle had been fought at Lexington; the sound of the cannon had rolled from Bunker Hill in echoes which would not die. They thrilled and trembled along the air, in never-ending vibrations, smiting the ears of patriots, and rousing their hearts to the duties and perils of the hour. Deborah, in her little schoolroom, heard the sound. For her it had a peculiar message; it called her—she could not resist! Something in her courageous breast told her that she was as well fitted to serve her beloved country as the young men, who, with kindling eyes and eager feet, were rushing to its assistance. Walking slowly home from her school, along the lonely road, looking out at night from the little window of her chamber at the stars, she pondered the voice in her heart. The more she thought, the more earnest she became in her desire. There was no reason why she should silence the resolution which called her. She was accountable to none; was friendless, without kindred or home. Why

was she given this vigorous and healthy frame, and this heroic heart, if not for the service of her suffering country? Perhaps Providence had loosened her from other ties, that she might attach herself solely to this holy cause. With such arguments as these she quieted the timidity which arose solely from maidenly fears that she might be detected in her plans, and subjected to the embarrassment of being refused or ridiculed on account of her sex.

With that humble wealth of twelve dollars she purchased the materials for a suit of men's clothing. Upon the cloth she worked secretly, as she found the opportunity, each article, upon completion, being hidden in a stack of hay. When her arrangements were completed she announced a determination to seek better wages, and took her departure, without her real purpose being suspected. When far enough away to feel secure, she donned her male attire, and pursued her way to the American army, where she presented herself in October, 1778, as a young man anxious to join his efforts to those of his countrymen in their endeavors to oppose the common enemy. She is described as being, at this time, of very prepossessing features, and intelligent, animated expression, with a fine, tall form, and such an air of modest courage and freshness as inspired confidence and respect in those who had become associated with her. She was gladly received, as a promising recruit, and enrolled in the army under the name of Robert Shirtliffe, the period of her enlistment being for the war.

While the company was recruiting she was an inmate of the Captain's family, and, by her exemplary conduct, won the esteem of all. A young girl, visiting in the family, was much in the company of young "Robert;" and, being of a coquettish disposition—priding herself, perhaps, on the conquest of the young soldier—she suffered her partiality to be noticed. "Robert," having no objections to see how easily a maiden's heart *could* be won, encouraged the feeling, until the Captain's wife, becoming alarmed, took occasion to remonstrate with the youth upon the subject. "Robert" took the matter in good part, and the affair ended in the exchange of some few tokens of remembrance at parting.

At the end of six or seven weeks, the company being full, was ordered to join the main army, and Deborah's military life

commenced in earnest. The record does not give all the details of her career, though the record of a life in camp and on the field, under such circumstances, must be full of interest. She herself has said that volumes might be filled with her adventures. She performed her duties to the entire satisfaction of her officers; was a volunteer on several expeditions of a hazardous nature, and was twice wounded severely; the first time by a sword-cut on the side of her head, and the second by a bullet-wound through the shoulder. She served three years, and, during all that time, her sex never was suspected, though often in circumstances where detection seemed unavoidable. The soldiers nicknamed her "Molly," in playful allusion to her want of a beard; but little did they suspect that their gallant comrade was, indeed, a woman.

The last wound which she received, of a bullet through her shoulder, gave her great uneasiness, for fear that the surgeon, upon dressing it, would discover the deception which had been so long and so successfully practiced. She always described the emotion, when the ball entered, to be one of mental, not of physical anguish—a sickening terror at the probability of her sex being revealed. She felt that death on the battle-field would be preferable to the shame she would suffer in such a case, and prayed rather to die than to be betrayed. Strange as it may appear, she again escaped undetected. Recovering rapidly, she soon resumed her place in the ranks, as brave and willing as ever.

Sickness, however, was destined to bring about the catastrophe which the perils of the battle-field had never precipitated. She was seized with brain fever, then prevailing among the soldiers. For the few days that reason struggled with the disease her sufferings were great; and these were intensely aggravated by her mental anxiety—that ever-present fear, lest, during her unconsciousness, her carefully-guarded secret should become known. She was carried to the hospital, where the number of the patients and the negligent manner in which they were attended still secured her escape. Her case was considered hopeless, on which account she received still less attention. She continued to sink, until consciousness was gone, and life itself trembled on the faintest breath which ever held it.

One day, the surgeon of the hospital inquiring "how Robert

was?" received assurance from the nurse that "poor Bob was gone." Going to the bed, and taking the wrist of the youth, he found the pulse still feebly beating. Attempting to place his hand on the heart, he found a bandage bound tightly over the breast. Then it was that the secret of the girl-soldier became known to the physician; but if she had been his own daughter he could not have guarded it more delicately. Deborah had fallen into good hands, in this crisis of her affairs.

It was Dr. Birney, of Philadelphia, who was then in attendance at the hospital. Without communicating his discovery to any one, he gave his patient such care that she was raised from the grave, as it were; and when sufficiently recovered to be removed, he had her conveyed to his own house, where she was the recipient of every kind attention from the family as long as she remained an invalid. And now occurred another of those romantic episodes which give an interest to the history of our hero-heroine. If Deborah Sampson had indeed been the "Robert" she professed to be, she would have been a favorite with the softer sex; since, without her seeking it, twice the affections of fair maidens were laid at her feet. We may conjecture, to the credit of the fair sex, that the purity and modesty of "Robert"—his unassuming excellence and *womanly* goodness, had much to do with success in this line.

A niece of the doctor's, a young and wealthy lady, became interested in the youth whom she had aided in restoring to health, by her attentions. "Pity," which is "akin to love," gradually melted into that warmer feeling. The modest and handsome young man, who shrunk from taking the slightest advantage of her kindness, aroused all the compassion and sensibility of her heart. Lovely and young, conscious that many, more influential than he, would be honored to sue for her hand, she yet allowed her affections to turn to the pale and unassuming, the humble and poor, soldier. The uncle was warned of his imprudence in allowing the young couple to be so much together, but he laughed in his sleeve at such suggestions, tickling his fancy with the idea of how foolish the censorious would feel when the truth should be made known. He had not confided his knowledge even to the members of his own family. It is not probable that he really believed his niece's feelings were

becoming so warmly interested, or he would have given her a sufficient caution; she was allowed to be with the convalescent as much as she liked.

At first the heart of "Robert" opened to this innocent and lovely girl, whom she loved as a sister, and whose gentle kindness was so winning; she showed the gratitude which she felt, and perhaps even confided to her some of the lonely emotions which had so long remained unspoken in her breast; but it was not long before the young soldier, warned by past experience, felt apprehensive of the return of affection which she received, and strove, delicately, to withdraw from the painful position in which she was being placed. Taking this shrinking embarrassment for the sensitive modesty of one who, friendless and poor, dared not aspire to the hand of one so much above him in social position, the fair heiress, trusting the evident goodness of his heart, and actuated alike by love and the noblest generosity, made known her attachment to "Robert," and signified her willingness to furnish him the means of fitting himself for such a station, and then to marry him.

When Deborah beheld this guileless young creature, with blushes and tears, making this unexpected and unwelcome avowal, she felt, with bitter pain, the position in which she was placed. Then she wished that she indeed was the Robert Shirtliffe she had assumed to be, rather than wound the feelings of one to whom she was so much indebted, by a refusal of what had been so timidly offered. Yet to reveal her true character would be still more awkward and painful. The wounded sensibility of the young girl did not, in that hour, cause her so much suffering, as the remorse and regret of the false "Robert" caused him.

Saying that they should meet again, and that, though ardently desiring an education, she could not accept her noble offer, Deborah endeavored to hurt the sensitive girl as little as possible, while withdrawing from the dilemma in which she was placed. Shortly after, she departed, taking with her several articles of clothing, such as in those days were frequent gifts to the soldiers from the hands of fair women, and which were pressed upon her acceptance by the young lady.

The *denouement* rapidly followed her recovery. The physician

had a conference with the commanding officer of the company with which Robert had served, which was followed by an order to the youth to carry a letter to General Washington. She now became aware, for the first time, that her secret was known, and that detection was no longer avoidable. She had suspected that Dr. Birney knew more than he had given intimation of, but her most anxious scrutiny of his words and countenance had never assured her of the truth of her fears. Now that the worst was come, she had no way but to meet it with that courage which was a part of her nature. Yet she would rather have faced the fire of the British cannon than to have confronted Washington with that letter in her hand.

Trembling and confused, she presented herself before the Commander-in-Chief, who, noticing her extreme agitation, with his usual kindness endeavored to restore her confidence; but finding her still so abashed, bade her retire with an attendant, who was ordered to procure her some refreshment, while the General read the letter of which she had been the bearer.

When she was recalled to his presence, he silently put into her hand a discharge from service, along with a brief note of advice, and a sum of money sufficient to bear her to some place where she might find a home. Very glad and grateful was she to escape thus unrebuked out of that presence.

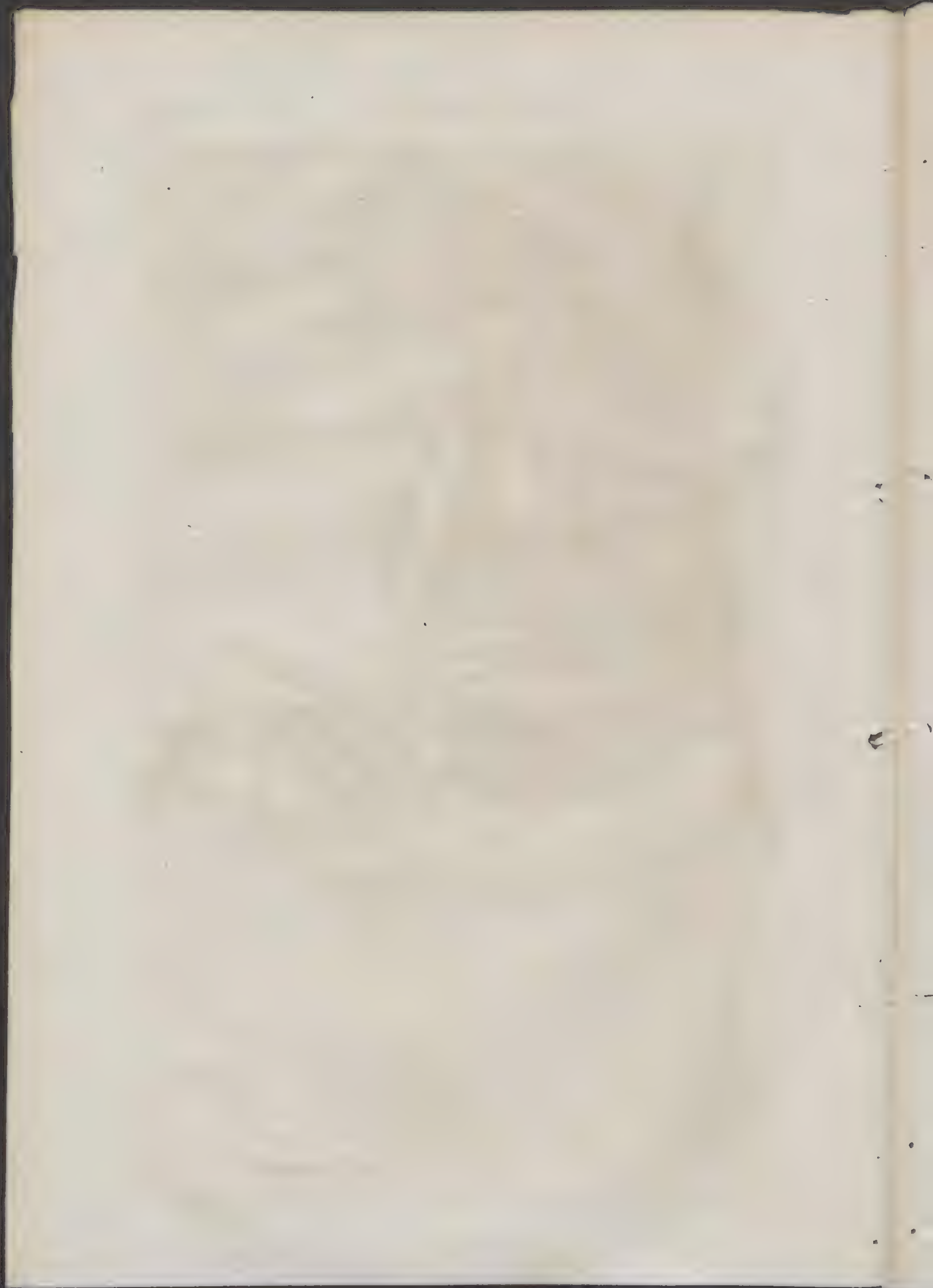
After the war she married; and while Washington was President she paid a visit to the seat of Government on his invitation. She was received with every attention. Congress was then in session, and passed a bill granting her a pension for life. She lived in comfortable circumstances, passing from the stage of human life at an advanced age.

It is probable that, after several generations of historians, poets and romance writers have embellished the story of Deborah Sampson, she will become invested, to the eyes of our descendants, with a glory like that which encircles the memory of the Maid of Orleans.

There is an incident of a most romantic and touching nature, connected with the history of the brave Sergeant Jasper, of Marion's brigade. A young girl, in this instance, followed the fortunes of war, not out of patriotic motives, like those which inspired Deborah Sampson, but impelled by a love which no wildest romance of the



Deborah Sampson, the Maiden Warrior.



olden time can more than match. The page who drew the poison from her lover's wound, on the distant plains of the Holy Land, proved not so devoted as this young American girl, throwing her tender bosom between Jasper's heart and death.

Sergeant Jasper was one of the bravest of Marion's men, possessing remarkable talents as a scout, and often chosen for such expeditions. He was one of those of whom Bryant says :

“Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest 'round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.”

Sometime just before, or about the beginning of the war, Jasper had the good fortune to save the life of a young, beautiful, and dark-eyed Creole girl, called Sally St. Clair. Her susceptible nature was overcome with gratitude to her preserver, and this soon ripened into a passion of love, of the most deep and fervent kind. She lavished upon him the whole wealth of her affections, and the whole depths of a passion nurtured by a Southern sun. When he was called upon to join the ranks of his country's defenders, the prospect of their separation almost maddened her. Their parting came, but scarcely was she left alone, ere her romantic nature prompted the means of a reunion. Once resolved, no consideration of danger could dampen her spirit, and no thought of consequences could move her purpose. She severed her long and jetty ringlets, and provided herself with male attire. In these she robed herself, and set forth to follow the fortunes of her lover.

A smooth-faced, beautiful and delicate stripling appeared among the hardy, rough and giant frames who composed the corps to which Jasper belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbs, their massive faces, embrowned and discolored by sun and rain, was indeed striking. But none

were more eager for the battle, or so indifferent to fatigue, as the fair-faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage amply supplied his lack of physique. None ever suspected him to be a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side, penetrated her disguise.

The romance of her situation increased the fervor of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that, unknown to him, she was by his side, watching over him in the hour of danger. She fed her passion by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber, hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, and being always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentiment over the poor girl's mind. She had been tortured with hopes deferred; the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side, but she prayed that she might die, and he never know to what length the violence of her passion led her.

It was an eve before a battle. The camp had sunk into repose. The watchfires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air, as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Stretched upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, through which the stars shone down softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of a fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent above his couch. It was the smooth-faced stripling. She bent low down as if to listen to his dreams, or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness. But tears trace themselves down the fair one's cheek, and fall silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told her that the hour of parting has come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, long, lingering look, and then the unhappy maid is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrows in privacy.

Fierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morrow rages on

that spot. Foremost in the battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior. Often during the heat and the smoke, gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is leveled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance is Sally St. Clair. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life-blood gushing from the white bosom, which had been thrown, as a shield, before his breast. He heeds not now the din, nor the danger of the conflict, but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then for the first time does he learn that the stripling is his love; that often by the camp-fire, and in the swamp, she had been by his side; that the dim visions, in his slumber, of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies!

Her name, her sex, and her noble devotion soon became known through the corps. There was a tearful group gathered around her grave; there was not one of those hardy warriors who did not bedew her grave with tears. They buried her near the river Santee, "in a green, shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."

The women of the Revolution won a noble name by the part they took in the conflict which has secured for their descendants so glorious an inheritance. Privations of all kinds they endured patiently, joyfully sending their dearest ones to the field, while they remained in their lonely homes, deprived of the care and society of fathers and sons; finding their pleasantest relief from the heart-ache of grief and suspense in labors at the loom or with the needle for the benefit of the ill-provided soldiers.

Many individual instances of female heroism are preserved, where the bravery of naturally timid hearts was tested in exposure to the rudest vicissitudes of war. They played the parts of spies, messengers, and defenders. Among other anecdotes we have one of a young girl of North Carolina. At the time General Greene retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, when he had passed Broad River, he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter,

who was on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the General could find no man in that portion of the State who was bold enough to undertake so dangerous a mission. The country to be passed through for many miles was full of bloodthirsty Tories, who, on every occasion that offered, imbrued their hands in the blood of the Whigs. At length this young girl, Emily Geiger, presented herself to General Greene, proposing to act as his messenger, and he, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal. He accordingly wrote a letter and delivered it, while, at the same time, he communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter, in case of accident.

She started off on horseback, and on the second day of her journey was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, and not being able to tell an untruth without blushing, Emily was suspected and confined to a room; but as the officer in command had the delicacy not to search her at the time, he sent for an old Tory matron to perform the duty. Emily was not wanting in expedient; as soon as the door was closed, and the bustle a little subsided, she *ate up the letter*, piece by piece. After a while the matron arrived, who found nothing of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, though she made a careful search, and the young girl would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart whither she said she was bound; she took a circuitous route to avoid further detection, soon after striking into the road which led to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. Here she told her adventure and delivered Greene's verbal message to Sumter, who, in consequence, soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg. This young heroine afterward married a rich planter, named Therwits, who lived on the Congaree.

A similar adventure is related of Miss Moore, daughter of Captain Moore, who was present at Braddock's defeat, and who died in 1770. This girl was also a "daughter of the Carolinas." Alas, that the fair descendants of women so brave as these, should aid in imperiling the country and the cause for which their mothers sacrificed and suffered so much!

Her youth was passed among the eventful scenes of our Revolution,

and a number of incidents are related, that go to prove her calm courage, and her inflexibility of purpose. She was born in 1764, and, therefore, in the earlier part of the contest was nothing more than a child.

The terrors of the war were often enacted before the very door of her step-father's residence. On one occasion, a most sanguinary skirmish took place just before the house, between a body of Colonel Washington's cavalry and some of Rawdon's men. Shortly after, a party of the British in search of plunder broke into the house. But the family had been forewarned, and concealed their treasures. In searching for plunder they discovered a quantity of apples, and began to roll them down the stairs, while the soldiers below picked them up. Miss Moore, nothing fearing, commanded them to desist, with an air so determined and resolute, that an officer standing by, admiring so courageous a spirit in a girl so young, ordered the soldiers to obey her.

On another occasion, a party of Tories, in pillaging the house, commanded one of the servants to bring them the horses. Miss Moore commanded him not to obey. The Tories repeated the order, accompanied with a threat to beat him if he refused. The command of the young girl was reiterated, and just as the Tory was about putting his threat into execution, she threw herself between them, and preserved the slave from the intended violence.

At one time, great danger was threatening Captain Wallace, who commanded a small force, a few miles distant. It was of the utmost importance that this intelligence should be conveyed to him, but there was no male whose services could be commanded, and, therefore, Miss Moore volunteered to convey the message herself. This was when she was but fifteen. Midnight was chosen as the hour, and accompanied by her little brother and a female friend, she set out in a canoe up the river toward the encampment of the Whigs. Silently and swiftly they propelled their frail vessel up the dark current, through forests buried in darkness, and a profound silence that awed them; with the calm stars above, and the deep river gloomily rolling by, and no human sounds to relieve the oppressive solemnity of the hour. It was the hour, too, when the enemy usually set out on their marauding expeditions, and the young girls

knew that neither their sex nor their innocence would preserve them from ruthless foes, who were more relentless and cruel than the swarthy savages of the forest. But the fate of many of their countrymen depended on their exertions, and, as it proved, the future destiny of our heroine was involved in the successful issue of their enterprise. Undismayed by the perils of the journey, the young girls bent their energies to the task before them, and at last saw lights glimmering in the distance, that pointed out their destination. They soon reached the encampment, a picturesque scene, with the ruddy glow from the camp-fires casting the surrounding scene in still greater shadow, and motley groups of figures gathered around the fires, sleeping, talking, eating, etc. After delivering the warning to Captain Wallace, the girls embarked in their canoe to return, and soon left the encampment behind, winding their way through dense forests, and reached their home in safety.

The next morning, a handsome and gallant-looking American officer rode up to the door of Captain Savage's residence, and requested to make a few inquiries of the young lady by whose energy and zeal her countrymen had been saved from an impending danger. Miss Moore appeared, and when her youthful and blooming beauty greeted the eyes of the young officer, an exclamation of pleasure burst from his lips. He almost forgot to make his inquiries, until reminded by the blushing damsel, but her voice rather increased than relieved his embarrassment. All his questions having been at last answered, and having no excuse by which to prolong the interview, he was reluctantly compelled to depart, but his eyes to the last rested on the fair girl's form. It is said that the young lady was no less struck with the handsome dragoon's figure, and that his face came often to her in her dreams that night.

It was not long before the young officer made an excuse for again visiting the house where resided the beauty who had bound him captive to her charms, and as these impressions were reciprocal, he soon discovered welcome in her manner, and drew happy auguries therefrom. He became an accepted suitor. But their love, in a measure, verified the old adage. The step-father opposed the union; at first strenuously, but the perseverance of the lover gradually broke down his opposition, and he eventually yielded consent.

This officer was Captain, afterward General, Butler. They were married in 1784. Mrs. Butler filled a distinguished place in society, being celebrated both for her virtues and graces.

Even the meek spirit of the non-resisting Quakers was roused to patriotic ardor by the noble stake for which the battles of the Revolution were fought. In proof of what one of their women did in aid of the good cause, we have the following account of a signal service rendered by a Quakeress :

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, General Harris' head-quarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by General Cadwalader. Directly opposite, resided William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the Adjutant-General, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference; and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the second of December, the Adjutant-General told Lydia that they would be in the room at seven o'clock, and remain late, and that they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away, they would call her to let them out, and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but, as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes, and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave. She overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out, late in the evening of the fourth, and attack General Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this, she returned to her chamber and laid herself down. Soon after, the officers knocked at her door, but she rose only at the third summons, having feigned to be asleep. Her mind was so much agitated that, from this moment, she could neither eat nor sleep, supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen, but not knowing how she was to convey the necessary information to General Washington, nor daring to confide it even to her husband. The time left was, however, short; she quickly determined to make her way, as soon as possible, to the American outposts. She informed her family that, as they were in want of flour, she would go to Frankfort for some; her husband

insisted that she should take with her the servant-maid, but, to his surprise, she positively refused. She got access to General Howe, and solicited—what he readily granted—a pass through the British troops on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened toward the American lines, and encountered on her way an American, Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the look-out for information. He knew her, and inquired whither she was going. She answered, in quest of her son, an officer in the American army, and prayed the Colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her momentous secret, after having obtained from him the most solemn promise never to betray her individually, since her life might be at stake with the British. He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed a female in it to give her something to eat, and he speeded for head-quarters, where he brought General Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movement of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned, in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event. The next evening, the Adjutant-General came in, and requested her to walk up to his room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror; and when he locked the door, and begged her, with an air of mystery, to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected or had been betrayed. He inquired earnestly whether any of her family were up the last night he and the other officer met; she told him that they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed: "I know *you* were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me; I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh, we found all their cannon mounted, and the troop prepared to receive us; and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

In contrast with these, and hundreds of similar instances of courage and sagacity combined with ardent patriotism, the occasions upon which American women played the part of traitors are few

indeed. Efforts have been made, of late years, to affix to the memory of the wife of Benedict Arnold a still blacker ignominy than that which blasted the name of the husband whom she is said to have persuaded into his treachery. In a "Life of Aaron Burr," published three or four years ago, we have a story whose truth we may well doubt, unsupported as it is by any corroborative evidence:

"It fell to Burr's lot to become acquainted with the repulsive truth. He was sitting one evening with Mrs. Prevost (his future wife), when the approach of a party of horse was heard, and soon after, a lady, veiled and attired in a riding-habit, burst into the room, and hurrying toward Mrs. Prevost, was on the point of addressing her. Seeing a gentleman present, whom, in the dim light of the room, she did not recognize, she paused, and asked, in an anxious tone:

"'Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?'

"'Oh, yes,' was Mrs. Prevost's reply; 'he is my most particular friend, Colonel Burr.'

"'Thank God!' exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, for she it was. 'I've been playing the hypocrite, and I'm tired of it.'

"She then gave an account of the way she had deceived General Washington, Colonel Hamilton and the other American officers, who, she said, believed her innocent of treason, and had given her an escort of horse from West Point. She made no scruple of confessing the part she had borne in the negotiations with the British General, and declared it was she who had induced her husband to do what he had done. She passed the night at Paramus, taking care to act the part of the outraged and frantic woman whenever strangers were present. Colonel Burr's relations with the Shippen family, of which Mrs. Arnold was a member, had been of the most intimate character from boyhood. They had been his father's friends; and the orphan boy had been taken from his mother's grave to their home in Philadelphia. He stood toward this fascinating, false-hearted woman almost in the light of a younger brother, and he kept her secret until she was past being harmed by the telling of it."

Now Colonel Burr was not present at that interview, but was told of it, some time after, by Mrs. Prevost, then Mrs. Burr. We should hesitate before we consigned Mrs. Arnold to infamy upon such

testimony. It is true that the authorities of Philadelphia were suspicious of her, as they compelled her, against her will, to leave the city and go to her husband. On the other side, it is said that she declared her abhorrence of her husband's crime, and her desire for a separation from him, after his treachery; that her father and brother, influential persons in Philadelphia, begged for her not to be banished to one from whom her heart recoiled, and that she promised never to write to her husband, or to receive any letters from him except such as the authorities should read, if permitted to remain with her family. Such, however, was the feeling against her, that she was compelled to leave the State. If these proceedings against her were just, swift was the punishment which overtook the traitress, for she never realized the brilliant position which she hoped to achieve by going over to the king's side, and has left only infamy as a legacy to the future. But if she were, indeed, as innocent as we have good reason for hoping was the case, it is melancholy to think of her gentle soul being crushed beneath the weight of retribution which fell upon her husband, and thus also upon her.

MORGAN'S PRAYER.

THERE never was a man so bold that his soul has not, at times, felt its own powerlessness, and silently appealed to the mighty God for a strength to sustain it in the hour of need. Daniel Morgan, as rough and self-reliant as he was brave, did not hesitate to confess that more than once in the hour of approaching trial, when the weight of responsibility was more than he could bear, he threw off the burden of his cares and fears at His feet who bears the destinies of the universe.

"Ah," said he, on one occasion, "people thought that Morgan was never afraid—people said that 'Dan Morgan never prayed.' I'll tell you what it is, Daniel Morgan, as wicked as he was, has prayed as hard and as earnestly as ever a man prayed in this world."

We look back now with pride to the victory of the Cowpens, which was one of Morgan's most glorious achievements. But before that battle was fought, while it was being decided upon and prepared for, one of those moments occurred to the intrepid leader, of inward dismay and trouble, which it would never do to disclose to his men, looking to him for direction and example. It is not strange that his soul was troubled. His whole command consisted of not more than six hundred men—three hundred infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, two hundred Virginia riflemen, and about one hundred gallant dragoons under Colonel Washington. With this little band he was retreating, with consummate prudence, before the "haughty Tarleton," who had been sent by Cornwallis, to force him into action, with eleven hundred veteran soldiers, besides two field-pieces well served by artillerists. Tarleton had light and legion infantry, fusileers, three hundred and fifty cavalry, and a fine battalion of the Seventy-First regiment; he promised himself an easy victory over the American "waggoner," as well he might, with the forces at his disposal.

Boldly he pursued the retreating enemy, expecting to overtake only to destroy him. But he had now to encounter a General who had braved the snows of Camden, had scaled the walls of Quebec, and had faced the legions of Burgoyne. With the greatest prudence, Morgan retreated until he reached the memorable field of Cowpens, near one of the branches of the Pacolet-river. Here, in the face of superior numbers, as well as superior arms and discipline, he resolved to make a stand. He communicated his design to his inferior officers, who with ready spirit prepared the minds of their men for the combat. These, hating the British for their late oppressions, burning with the love of liberty and the desire for revenge, and placing implicit confidence in the wisdom of the General who ordered the battle, declared themselves ready for the fray.

Morgan's arrangement was simple but masterly, showing a perfect knowledge of the character both of his own force and that of Tarleton. In the open wood which formed the Cowpens, he established three lines. The first consisted of the militia under Colonel Pickens, a brave officer who had been recently relieved from captivity among the English. The next line embraced all the regular infantry

and the Virginia riflemen, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. The third was formed by Washington's dragoons, and about fifty mounted militia armed with pistols and swords. Knowing that the militia, though full of courage, were liable to panics, Morgan directed that the first line, if overpowered, should gradually retire and form on the right and left of the second.

Thus prepared, he awaited the attack of the foe, who had come up, and was rapidly forming in the front. His face did not betray the trepidation of his heart. He knew how much depended upon the result, and when he looked upon his own small army, composed of such rude material, wretchedly equipped and but poorly disciplined, and his gaze wandered through the open forest and rested upon veteran troops with whom he was about to contend, his heart failed him. Not daring to betray his despondency to those who looked up to him for the courage so much needed, in that solitary and friendless hour, when even the brave officers by his side could give no comfort to his mental trouble, the rough, heroic General made God his friend and adviser. In a quiet dell just back of the spot where his reserve was posted, he found a large tree which had been blown up by the roots. Hidden by the branches of this giant of the forest, he threw himself upon his knees before the Lord of battles, beseeching Him to wield the lance of delivery on the side of those who were fighting for their homes, their families and their liberties. With an impulsive force characteristic of his nature, he wrestled with his Maker, with an energy of spirit and a power of language scarcely to be expected in one so unused to the "melting mood." Rising from his knees with feelings relieved, and an oppressive weight taken from his soul, he returned to the lines, where he cheered his men in his own blunt, impulsive manner, and was replied to by shouts and huzzas which showed on their part a determination to do or die.

When Tarleton found his foe drawn up in battle order, he rejoiced in the hope of a speedy victory, and though his troops were somewhat fatigued by a rapid march, he gave orders for a charge. Before his first line was perfectly formed, he placed himself at its head, and in person rushed to the onset. Colonel Pickens ordered his men not to fire until their adversaries were within fifty yards, and their

fire was delivered with great steadiness and severe effect. But so impetuous was the British charge, that the militia gave way, and attempted to form on the second line.

At the head of his fusileers and legion, Tarleton pressed upon the regulars and riflemen, who, notwithstanding their stern resistance, were borne down by numbers, and forced to yield their ground. The British regarded their victory as secured, and for a moment the hearts of the republicans failed. But Morgan was everywhere, encouraging his men by his voice and presence. At this time, when their very success had caused some confusion among the fusileers, Washington, at the head of his dragoons, made a furious charge, and dashing in among them, overthrew them in a moment. His horses passed over the British infantry like a storm, and the swords of his men hewed them down with resistless fury. In this happy crisis Howard succeeded in restoring the Continentals to order, while Pickens rallied the militia, and brought them again into line.

“By the wind the smoke-cloud lifted lightly drifted to the nor’ward,
And displayed, in all their pride, the scarlet foe;
We beheld them, with a steady tramp and fearless moving forward,
With their banners proudly waving, and their bayonets leveled low.

“Morgan gave his order clearly: ‘Fall back nearly to the border
Of the hill, and let the enemy come nigher!’
Oh, they thought we had retreated, and they charged in fierce disorder,
When out rang the voice of Howard: ‘To the right, about face! fire!’

“Then upon our very wheeling came the pealing of our volley,
And our balls made a red pathway down the hill;
Broke the foe, and shrunk and cowered; rang again the voice of Howard:
‘Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!’ and we did it with a will.”

Struck with astonishment at finding themselves thus assaulted by men they had just regarded as defeated, the English troops wavered and broke in disorder. In vain their officers endeavored to rally them for a renewed stand. The spirits of the patriots were roused, and pressing forward with their bayonets, they carried every thing before them. Nearly two hundred of Tarleton’s horse, and among them the haughty Tarleton himself, retreated in dismay from the field, riding over their comrades and involving them in hopeless confusion. The Americans gained the two field-pieces, and Colonel Howard, coming up with a large body of infantry, and summoning

them to surrender, they laid down their arms on the field. The rout of the British was complete; a more signal victory our forces had never obtained. Washington and his horse followed the flying foe for several hours; Tarleton himself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of his determined pursuer.

May we not safely conjecture that after this brilliant success Morgan returned thanks to the Lord of victories as ardently as he had implored him for aid?

On another occasion, previous to this, Morgan had knelt in the snows of Canada, to beseech the blessing of God upon an undertaking as important as it was arduous. It was in 1775. Montgomery was already in Canada, where partial success had crowned his arms; but the capture of Quebec was deemed all-important, and to insure it, Washington resolved to send a detachment across the unexplored country between the province of Maine and the St. Lawrence River. To form any idea of the difficulty of this route it must be remembered that the whole of that region was then covered by gloomy forests, in which even the red-man could hardly find subsistence, and that in the winter season the country was bound in ice and snow. To command the expedition, Colonel Benedict Arnold was selected, and Morgan, then a Captain, eagerly sought a service so congenial to his habits and character.

The whole detachment consisted of eleven hundred men, who were formed into three divisions. After ascending the Kennebec as far as it was navigable, they were forced to take the forest roads. Morgan, at the head of his riflemen, formed the vanguard, upon whom devolved the duty of exploring the country, sounding the fords, pioneering for his companions, and seeking out spots where the bateaux might again be employed in the streams. They were then forced to pass through forests where men had never dwelt, to scale rugged hills, to contend with torrents swollen with the snow-storms of that region, to wade through marshes which threatened to engulf them. Not only the baggage of the army, but often their boats were borne upon their shoulders at those places where the river was frozen, or where rapids and cataracts impeded their progress. The sufferings of this devoted band can not be exaggerated. No subsistence could be obtained from the country, and to their other trials



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was added that of famine. They were driven to feed upon their dogs, and even upon the leather of their shoes, before they reached the first settlement of Canadians, and astonished them by their account of their achievements.

The spirit which endured such trials was the best surety of their success. But reinforcements had been received in Quebec. The garrison was prepared, and Arnold, after making some demonstrations, retired to Point au Tremble, twenty miles distant, to await the coming of Montgomery. When the two forces were joined, they were yet inadequate to the attack of the strongest fortress in America; but the hero who now commanded the Americans could not endure the thought of retreat.

On the last day of the year 1775, in the midst of a furious snow-storm, the memorable attack was made. On this occasion it was, as Morgan confessed afterward, that he was "afraid"—but fear, to his nature, was not a passion which weakened him, but which urged him on. It was not for himself, personally, that he was afraid; no, he dreaded the effect of a defeat upon his country; he could not see, without shrinking, his brave friends and comrades rushing upon what seemed like death in the land of the enemy. In his own words we have his thoughts:

"The night we stormed Quebec, while I was waiting with my men, in the cold, driving storm, for the word to advance, I felt unhappy; I looked up at the frowning battlements above me, and then around upon my armful of men, and felt that the enterprise was more than perilous; I felt that nothing short of a miracle could prevent our being destroyed in a contest where we fought at such an immense disadvantage. With such feelings I stepped aside, and kneeling down in the snow, alongside an old gun, with the storm beating into my face, I poured out my soul in an humble petition to God, beseeching him to be my shield and protection in the coming struggle—for nothing but an Almighty arm could save us—and I really and sincerely feel that I owed my safety to the interposition of Providence, and I thought so at the time."

In the attack which followed, and which was unsuccessful, Morgan did all that a brave man could do. He scaled the walls of the fortress, and sprung down alone amid the surprised garrison, though

speedily followed by numbers of his men. The enemy, appalled by such heroism, fell back to the second barrier, and here, had he been properly supported, Morgan might have been again successful; but the men had rendered their guns useless; the riflemen who had followed him were unsupported; to face a double row of bayonets and climb a wall was beyond the power of the most desperately brave. After an obstinate resistance Morgan and his corps were forced to surrender.

So much did Morgan's bravery impress the English, that, when a prisoner in their hands, he was offered the rank of Colonel in the English service, and many persuasive reasons were given why he should accept it. It need not be said that he rejected the temptation with scorn.

General Daniel Morgan was born of Welch parentage, in New Jersey, in the year 1736. Like so many of our most illustrious heroes, he was a "self-made man." His family, which belonged to the "middle class," had an interest in some Virginia lands, to attend to which he visited that colony when about seventeen years old. Glowing with health, and full of that love of adventure which always characterized him, he determined to remain in Virginia, and begin the business of life for himself. He had money enough for the purchase of a wagon and pair of horses. With these he entered upon the employment which gave him the name of the "waggoner" long after he had risen to military fame. He remained near Winchester for about two years. When General Braddock's army commenced its march against Fort Duquesne it was accompanied by several corps of provincial troops. Morgan, the "ruling passion" thus early displaying itself, joined one of these corps. He drove his own team in the baggage-train. On the way occurred one of those instances, too frequent in military experience, where the power of an officer is used with meanness and tyranny against the soldier in his power. The ruggedness of the way causing much trouble with the train, and Morgan's team becoming impeded, along with many others, a British officer approached him, and, with much impatience demanded why he did not move along. He replied that he would move as soon as he was able. The officer, yielding to his irritable temper, with unmerited harshness declared that if he did not move along he would

run him through with his sword. The high spirit of the wagoner-boy could not brook this insult; he gave a fierce reply, when the officer at once made a pass at him with his weapon. Morgan held in his hand a heavy wagon-whip; parrying the stroke with the quickness of thought, he closed with his superior; the sword was broken in the struggle; then, using his whip with the skill which long practice had given him, he inflicted upon the Englishman a severe castigation. Such a breach of military law of course was not to be forgiven. Morgan was tried by a court-martial, which sentenced him to receive *five hundred* lashes. The sentence was carried into effect. The young victim bore this horrible punishment with mute heroism, silently fainting from torture and exhaustion, while fifty lashes were yet in reserve, which were of necessity remitted. Three days afterward, the officer who had been the occasion of this barbarity became convinced of his injustice, and, seeking Morgan in the camp hospital, implored his forgiveness. Through this miserable occurrence, the brave young volunteer was disabled from duty, and escaped the danger and disgrace of Braddock's defeat.

Not long after his return from this unhappy campaign, he was appointed an ensign in the colonial service. His merit had become apparent to the Government of the colony; already he had won the friendship of Washington, which afterward availed him on many trying occasions. His known courage and activity caused him to be employed in the most dangerous services. On one occasion, accompanied by two soldiers, he was carrying dispatches to one of the frontiers of Virginia, infested by cunning and ferocious savages. While in cautious progress through the forest, unaware that any eye was upon them, or any stealthy step tracking them fatally and silently, suddenly the discharge of rifles was heard; his two companions fell dead by his side. Morgan himself received the only severe wound he ever had during his military career; a rifle ball entered the back of his neck, and, shattering his jaw, passed out through his left cheek. Though he believed himself mortally wounded, his presence of mind did not fail. Leaning forward on his saddle, he grasped the mane of his horse, and pressing the spurs into his sides, darted forward at full speed toward the fort. A single

Indian followed him, eager for his scalp. Morgan, in after years, often spoke of the appearance of this savage, who ran with his mouth open, and his tomahawk raised to strike the fatal blow. Finding his pursuit in vain, the Indian finally threw the tomahawk with all his force, hoping it would hit the soldier; but it fell short; the horse, with his bleeding rider, gained the fort. Morgan was perfectly insensible when taken from the animal; but proper treatment, and the vigor of his constitution, restored him to health in six months.

From this time until the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he remained in Frederick, employed in his old business as a wagoner. At this time, he was wild and reckless, proud of his immense strength, inclining to rough society, fond of the most rollicking pastimes, and even, it is said, frequenting the gaming-table. His nature was of that active and superabundant kind, that he could not live without *excitement*; that which in times of idleness became a fault, or almost a crime, leading him into wild excesses, was the same energy which, as soon as there was a noble object for its exercise, sprung to the labor of defending liberty.

It is said that pugilistic encounters were his daily *pastime*—such from the fact that he was usually the victor. Few men of his time encountered him without signal defeat. But though Morgan was generally successful, we have an account of a reverse which he experienced, too salutary in the lesson it inculcated to be lost. General Carson, of Frederick county, Virginia, where the affair took place, tells the anecdote as one entirely authentic:

“Passing along a road with his wagon, Morgan met a gentleman of refined manners and appearance, who, as he approached the wagoner, had his hat struck off by a bough overhead. This stopped him for a moment, and Morgan, thinking that the stranger felt undue pride in sustaining the character of a gentleman, determined to humble him. Alighting from his horse—which he rode, teamster-fashion, instead of driving—he addressed the traveler:

“‘Well, sir, if you want a fight, I’m ready for you!’

“The stranger, in amazement, assured him that he wanted no fight, and had made no signals to such a purpose. But Morgan was not to be thus repulsed, and urged a contest upon him, until the stranger.

becoming enraged, in short terms accepted the challenge. The battle commenced. In brief space the well-dressed man planted such a series of rapid and scientific blows upon Morgan's front, that he knocked him down, and inflicted upon him a severe chastisement. Morgan never forgot this reverse; he found that he was not the only man in the world—that 'might did not make right.' He often spoke of it afterward as having had a happy effect upon his character."

In after years, he gained more dignity of character, these youthful ebullitions merging into deeds of valor of which his country is proud.

Immediately upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, he stood ready to aid his country. Congress appointed him a Captain of provincials, and so great was his reputation, that, in a short time after his call for recruits, ninety-six riflemen were enrolled in his company. This was the nucleus of that celebrated rifle corps which rendered so much brilliant service during the war. It was composed of men who had been trained in the forest, and who had each been accustomed to the use of his own rifle with wonderful skill. They were hardy in body and dauntless in heart. From this time on, his career was one of glory, although the hardships which he suffered finally undermined his splendid health, and forced him to retire, with the rank of Major-General, to his estate near Winchester, called "Saratoga," after one of the places where he had distinguished himself.

It was here that he died in 1802, in the 67th year of his age. A passer-by would hardly notice the humble slab, of little pretension, which marks his grave in the Presbyterian church-yard, at Winchester; yet on it is inscribed a name which Americans will ever delight to honor: "The hero of Quebec, of Saratoga, and the Cowpens: the bravest among the brave, and the Ney of the West."

In Irving's *Life of Washington* we have read an amusing account of an impromptu fray, one party to which was a corps of Virginia riflemen, very likely to be those commanded by Morgan, in which it would appear as if the early habits of their leader had infected his men, and in which the immortal Washington himself appears in a new and picturesque attitude. "A large party of Virginia riflemen," says the author, "who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned

into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting-garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round-jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snow-balls began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'At this juncture,' writes our informant, 'Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design, I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant just behind him, mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprung from his saddle, rushed into the thickest of the *melée*, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length, talking to and shaking them.' As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The veteran who records this exercise of military authority, seems at a loss which most to admire, the simplicity of the process, or the vigor with which it was administered. 'Here,' writes he, 'bloodshed, imprisonments, trials by court-martial, revengeful feelings between the different corps of the army, were happily prevented by the physical and mental energies of a single person, and the only damaging result from the fierce encounter was a few torn hunting-frocks and round-jackets.' "

We may well believe that what was done by Washington was well done, even to the stilling of this Homeric tumult.

Occasions of great danger and trial were so frequent that the leaders of the Revolution had recourse to prayer more frequently, we are led to believe, than history mentions. One anecdote is told of Washington's having been overheard supplicating at the throne of grace, but how can we conceive the Father of his Country as other

than the devout leader who at all times felt and acknowledged the hand of Providence over him? The anecdote specially referred to was related by Potts, the Quaker. During the winter of 1777, the Continental army was encamped at Valley Forge—a suffering, dispirited, yet still patriotic little host. Clothing was scant, food was scarce, numbers were too few for opposing the triumphant foe, and all things seemed to betoken a most inauspicious future for the patriot cause. Washington, outwardly firm, resolved, and apparently not dissatisfied, was, as his correspondence shows, deeply concerned for the result of the early spring campaign; and that, in his hour of trial, he prayed for aid from on high we can well believe.

One day, Potts had occasion to go to a certain place, which led him through a large grove, at no great distance from head-quarters. As he was proceeding along, he thought he heard a noise. He stopped and listened. He did hear the sound of a human voice at some distance, but quite indistinctly. As it was in the direct course he was pursuing, he went on, but with some caution. Occasionally he paused and listened, and with increasing conviction that he heard some one. At length he came within sight of a man, whose back was turned toward him, on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. It was a secluded spot—a kind of natural bower; but it was the house of prayer. Potts now stopped, partly leaned forward, and watched till whoever it might be was through his devotions. This was not long. And whom should he now see but Washington himself, the commander of the American armies, returning from bending prostrate before the God of armies above.

Potts himself was a pious man. He knew the power of prayer; and no sooner had he reached home, than in the fullness of his faith he broke forth to his wife Sarah, in the language of a watchman:

“Wife—Sarah, my dear, all’s well—all’s well! Yes, George Washington is sure to beat the British—*sure!*”

“What—what’s the matter with thee, Isaac?” replied the startled Sarah. “Thee seems to be much moved about something.”

“Well, and what if I am moved? Who would not be moved at such a sight as I have seen to-day?”

“And what has thee seen, Isaac?”

“Seen! I’ve seen a man at prayer, in the woods—George

Washington himself! And now I say—just what I *have* said—‘All’s well; George Washington is sure to beat the British—sure!’”

Whether Sarah’s faith was as strong as Isaac’s, we can not say; but Potts’ logic was sound—that in a *good* cause, a man of prayer is sure to succeed—SURE!

That Washington was a constant attendant upon divine worship, and a man of prayer, admits of no doubt. This was highly to his credit; for it too often happens that men in important stations think that their pressure of business will justly excuse them for neglecting all religious duties.

It is related of Washington, that in the French and Indian war, when he was a Colonel, he used himself, in the absence of the chaplain, on the Sabbath, to read the Scriptures to the soldiers of his regiment, and to pray with them; and that more than once he was found on his knees in his marquee at secret prayer.

While at home at Mount Vernon, he was always punctual to go to church. Sometimes he had distinguished men to visit him, and who he knew had no great regard for religion. This made no difference with his conduct. On such occasions he regularly attended church, and invited them to accompany him.

During his residence in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, he was a constant attendant at the house of God, on the Sabbath; thus setting a becoming example to others in authority. And it has often been remarked, that in all his public messages to Congress, he was particular to allude in some appropriate manner to God’s overruling providence, and his sense of his own and the nation’s dependence upon divine favor, for individual and national prosperity.

The greatness of Washington was conceded even more fully by the great than by the “common herd” of mankind. Bonaparte paid a tribute to the American’s fame scarcely to be exceeded for its terms of admiration.

“Ah, gentlemen,” the French General exclaimed to some young Americans happening at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had obtained the honor of an introduction to him, “how fares your countryman, the great Washington?”

“He was very well,” replied the youths, brightening at the thought

that they were the countrymen of Washington, "he was very well, General, when we left America."

"Ah, gentlemen," rejoined he, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of *his* fame is full. Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions."

This recalls the celebrated "toast scene" wherein Dr. Franklin "paid his respects" to the English and French. It is thus recited:

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk. By the British ambassador: "England—the *sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank: "France—the *moon*, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said: "*George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him.*"

We could fill many pages with anecdotes of Washington, illustrative of his goodness, his real, *heart* piety, his reliance on an overruling Providence; but will not, at this time, devote more space to the theme, promising ourselves the pleasures of again recurring to the truly august subject.

THE JOHNSON BOYS KILLING THEIR CAPTORS.

THE father of the little heroes whose daring exploit is here illustrated, removed from Pennsylvania in 1786, or thereabouts, and settled on what was called Beech-bottom Flats, in the State of Ohio, some two miles from the Ohio River, and three or four miles above the mouth of Short Creek. In common with all the early settlers of that State, Johnson was subject to the depredations of the Indians, who felt that the white men were encroaching upon their hunting-grounds, and did not hesitate to inflict upon them the fullest measure of vengeance. Protected by the station, or fort, near which they resided, the family enjoyed, however, a tolerable share of security.

One Sunday morning, in the fall of 1793, two of his sons—John, aged thirteen, and Henry, eleven—started for the woods to look for a hat which the younger had lost the previous evening, while out after the cows. Having found the hat, they started for home, but coming to the foot of a hickory tree, whose tempting fruit lay in bounteous profusion on the ground before them, they, boylike, and dreaming neither of Indians nor of any other danger, sat down on a fallen log and amused themselves cracking and eating nuts. While thus engaged, they observed two men approaching from the direction of the station, who, from their dress and appearance, they took to be neighbors, seeking for strayed horses, one of them having a bridle in his hand. Satisfied of this fact, they continued their employment, until the men had approached quite near to them, when, upon looking up, they discovered, to their horror, that they were Indians, dressed in the garb of white men. Their first impulse was to fly; but upon rising to their feet, one of the intruders presented his rifle, and told them to stop or he would shoot. Coming up to them, the other presented his hand, and said: "How do, brodder?" The oldest boy, John, immediately—instinctively, as it were—called into requisition a tact perfectly astonishing in such a child. Accepting the savage's hand, he shook it with a smile, asking with apparently

pleased curiosity if they were Indians. Their captors replied that they were, telling the boys that they must go with them. Concealing their feelings of fear and distress, the little fellows submitted, and took up their line of march for the wilderness, not without the most poignant emotions at thus being rudely torn from their home and parents. They had heard enough, young as they were, of Indian captivity, to guess what was in store for them—that, even at the very best, there would be years of wild, uncivilized life before them, should they be spared to live at all. But hiding the sinking of his heart, the oldest took the small buckskin bag which was given him to carry, with outward cheerfulness, and entered with spirit into the search of the Indians after the horses of the white men. The bag, from its weight, he supposed to contain money, the product of their depredations upon the white community.

The Indians and their captives spent the afternoon in pursuit of horses, taking a circuitous route through the bottom and over the Short Creek hill; but evening approaching without their meeting with success, they drew off some distance into the woods, in search of some place to camp.

Coming to a spring in a hollow, which answered their purpose, they halted; and while one of them scouted around the camp, the other proceeded to build a fire, by flashing his gun into some dry "tinder" wood. While the latter was gone to procure the wood from a decayed stump, John took up the gun he had left behind, and cocked it, with the intention of shooting him as he came back; but Henry stopped him, for fear the other might be near, and able to overpower them, at the same time promising to aid his brother if he would wait until the Indians were asleep.

After they had cooked their supper, and eaten it by the fire, the savages began to converse apart in their own tongue. The result of their council soon became painfully apparent to the boys. Drawing their knives, they began to whet them, at the same time continuing their discussion, with occasional sidelong glances at the boys. Seeing this, with that remarkable discretion which had hitherto marked his conduct, John entered into conversation with them, in the course of which he remarked that he led a hard life with his parents, who were cross to him, and made him work hard, giving

him no chance for play. For his part, he liked to hunt and fish, and when he got to their towns, he meant to be a warrior and live with them. This pleased the Indians, and led to further converse, during which one of them asked the boys which way home was. John, who assumed to be spokesman, answered, always pointing the wrong way, which led them to believe that their captives had lost their reckoning. The business of sharpening the knives was suspended, and John's bright eyes, smiling but anxious, were not sorry to see them restored to the belts of the wearers.

The Indians, although pleased and conciliated, were careful not to trust their little prisoners too far, but pinioned their arms, and when they laid down to sleep for the night, placed the boys between them, secured by a large strap, which passed under their own bodies. Late in the night, one of the savages, becoming cold, stirred in his sleep, caught hold of John in his arms, and turned him over to the outside, soon relapsing into sound slumber with the renewed warmth thus obtained. In this situation the boy, awake and alert, found means to get his hands loose; he then nudged his brother, made him get up, and untied his arms. This done, Henry thought of nothing but of running off as fast as possible; but when about to start, his brother caught hold of him, whispering: "We must kill these Indians before we go." After some hesitation, Henry agreed to make the attempt. John took one of the rifles of their captors, and placed it on a log with the muzzle close to the head of one of them. He then cocked the gun, and placed his little brother at the breech with his finger on the trigger, with instructions to pull it as soon as he should strike the other Indian. He then took one of the tomahawks, and placed himself astride the second foe. All this time the savages slumbered on in their fancied security. That moment he gave the word to fire, while he brought the tomahawk down with all the force of his young arm upon his sleeping enemy. The blow, however, fell upon the back of the neck and to one side, so as not to be fatal; the wounded savage attempted to spring up, but the little fellow, urged to desperation, plied his blows with such force and rapidity upon the Indian's skull, that, to use his own words in describing it, "the Indian laid still and began to quiver."

At the moment of the first stroke given by the elder brother, the

younger one pulled the trigger, as directed; but his shot was not more fatal than the other's blow, for he only succeeded in blowing off a large part of his antagonist's lower jaw. This Indian, an instant after receiving the wound, began to flounce about and yell in the most frightful manner. The boys were glad to abandon him to his fate. They made the best of their way to the fort, reaching it a little before day-break. On getting near the station, they found the people all up, and a great anxiety on their account. On hearing a woman exclaim: "Poor little fellows, they are killed or taken prisoners!" the eldest one answered: "No, mother, we are here yet!"

Having brought away nothing from the Indian camp, their relation was not credited, and a party was made up to go in search of its truth. On arriving at the camp, they found the Indian whom John had tomahawked, dead; the other had crawled away, leaving a heavy, bloody trail, by which he was traced to the top of a fallen tree, where he had ensconced himself, determined to sell his life dearly. At the approach of the party he attempted to fire upon them; but his gun flashed in the pan; and one of the men remarking that he "didn't care about being killed by a dead Injin," they left him to die of his wounds. His skeleton and gun were found, some time afterward, near the spot. It was conjectured that the bag of specie which the Indians had, was appropriated by one of the settlers, who had slipped off in advance upon hearing the story of the boys. For some time after this person seemed better supplied with money than he had ever been before.

The story of the heroism of the little warriors got abroad, and even the Indians themselves gave them credit for it. After the treaty with General Wayne, an old Indian, who was a friend of the two who were killed (and who, it seems, had been distinguished warriors), inquired of a man from Short Creek what they had done with the two young braves who had killed the Indians. Being answered that they lived at the same place with their parents, he replied: "Then you have not done right; you should have made kings of those boys."

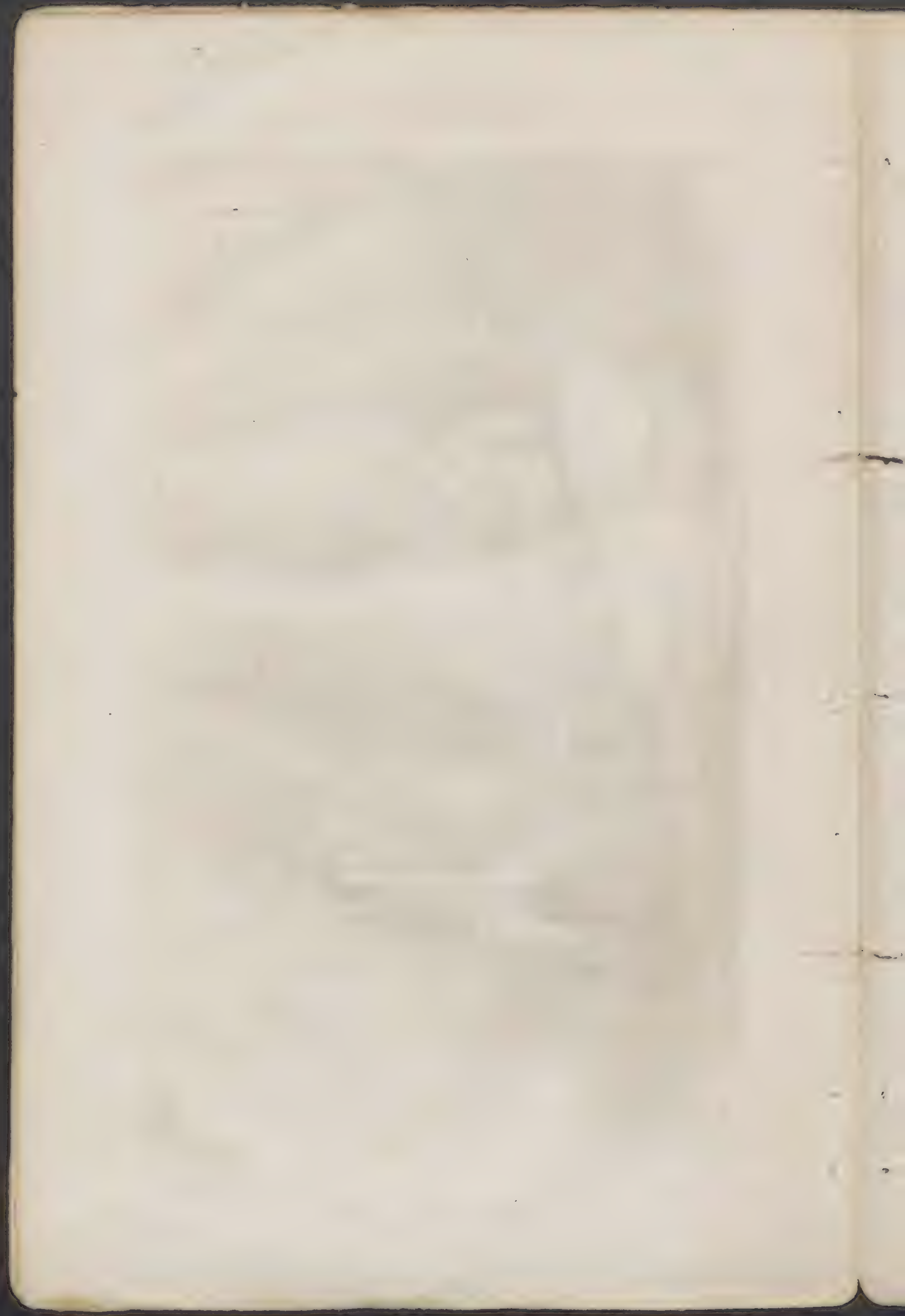
There are a good many stories told of those early days, far pleasanter for the boys of this generation to read in safety, by the

comfortable winter fire, than it was for the hardy and sagacious little heroes to enact them.

In August, 1786, a lad by the name of Downing, who lived at a fort near Slate Creek, in what is now Bath county, was requested by an older companion to assist him in hunting for a horse which had strayed away the preceding evening. Downing readily complied, and the two friends searched in every direction, until at length they found themselves in a wild valley, some six or seven miles from the fort. Here Downing became alarmed, and repeatedly told his companion, Yates, that he heard sticks cracking behind them, and was certain that Indians were dogging them. Yates, an old backwoodsman, laughed at the fears of the boy, and contemptuously asked him at what price he rated his scalp, offering to insure it for sixpence. Downing, however, was not so easily satisfied. He observed that in whatever direction they turned, the same ominous sounds continued to haunt them, and as Yates continued to treat the matter recklessly, he resolved to take measures for his own safety. Gradually slackening his pace, he permitted Yates to advance twenty or thirty steps ahead, and immediately afterward, as they descended the slope of a gentle hill, Downing slipped aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortleberry bushes. Yates proceeded on, singing carelessly some rude song, and was soon out of sight. Scarcely had he disappeared, when Downing beheld two savages put aside the stalks of a cane-brake, and cautiously look out in the direction Yates had taken. Fearful that they had seen him step aside, he determined to fire upon them, and trust to his heels for safety; but so unsteady was his hand, that in raising his gun to his shoulder, it went off before he had taken aim. He immediately ran, and after proceeding about fifty yards, met Yates, who had hastily retraced his steps. The enemy were then in full view, and the woodsman, who might have outstripped the lad, graduated his steps to those of his companion. The Indians, by taking a shorter path, gained rapidly upon the fugitives, across whose way lay a deep gully. Yates easily cleared it, but Downing dropped short, and fell at full length upon the bottom. The savages, eager to capture Yates, continued the pursuit, without appearing to notice Downing, who, quickly recovering his strength, began to walk slowly up the ditch, fearing to leave it, lest the



The Johnson Boys Killing their Captors.



enemy should see him. He had scarcely emerged into the open ground before he saw one of the Indians returning, apparently in quest of him. His gun being unloaded, Downing threw it away, and again took to flight; but his pursuer gained on him so rapidly, that he lost all hope of escape. Coming at length to a large poplar, which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree on one side, while the Indian ran along the other, expecting to intercept his game at the root. But here fortune favored the latter in the most singular manner. A she-bear which was suckling her cubs in a bed at the root of the tree, suddenly sprung upon the Indian, and while the latter was yelling and stabbing his hirsute antagonist with his knife, Downing succeeded in reaching the fort, where he found Yates reposing after a hot chase, in which he, also, had distanced his pursuers.

Whether the bear or the Indian came off victor in the impromptu engagement so suddenly entered into, the historian sayeth not.

In the following narrative, the incidents of which are included in the History of the State of Kentucky, will be noticed the fortitude of another little hero, who, in the midst of appalling circumstances, received two severe wounds, one of which must have been extremely painful, yet who made no sign—would not even allow it to be known that he was injured, until the conflict was over.

In March, 1788, Captain William Hubbell, floating down the Ohio River in his flat-boat, on his return from the east, after leaving Pittsburg, saw traces of Indians along the banks of the stream, which excited his suspicions and increased his watchfulness. On the boat, besides Captain Hubbell, were Daniel Light, and William Plascut and his family. Before reaching the mouth of the Great Kanawha, their number was increased to twenty, among whom were Ray, Tucker and Kilpatrick, also two daughters of the latter, a man by the name of Stoner, an Irishman, and a German. Information at Gallipolis confirmed their previous expectation of a conflict with a large body of Indians; Captain Hubbell therefore made every preparation to resist the anticipated attack. The men, divided into three watches for the night, were alternately on the look-out for two hours at a time. The arms on board unfortunately consisted mainly of old

muskets much out of order. These were put in the best possible condition for service.

On the 23d, Hubbell's party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and, for mutual protection, at first concluded to join them. Finding them, however, a careless, noisy set of people, more intent on dancing than watching for Indians, Hubbell determined to push forward alone. One of the six boats, desirous of keeping up with Hubbell, pushed forward for a short time; but its crew at length dropped asleep, and it was soon left in the rear. Early in the night, a canoe was seen flying down the river, in which probably were Indians on the watch. Fires and other signs also were observed, which indicated the presence of a formidable body of the savages.

At daybreak, before the men were at their posts, a voice some distance below repeatedly solicited them, in a plaintive tone, to come on shore, representing that some white persons wished to take a passage in their boat. This the Captain naturally concluded to be an Indian artifice. He accordingly placed every man upon his guard. The voice of entreaty soon was changed into insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. Three Indian canoes were seen through the mist rapidly advancing. With the utmost coolness, the Captain and his companions prepared to receive them. Every man was ordered not to fire until the savages came nearly up to the boat; the men, also, were directed to fire in succession, that there might be no intervals.

The canoes were found to contain from twenty-five to thirty Indians each. When within musket-shot, they poured in a general fire from one of the canoes, by which Tucker and Light were wounded. The three canoes now placed themselves on the bow, stern and side of the boat, opening a raking fire upon the whites; but the steady firing from the boat had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and the fury of the savages. Hubbell, after firing his own gun, took up that of one of the wounded men, and was in the act of discharging it when a ball tore away the lock. He deliberately seized a brand of fire, and, applying it to the pan, discharged it with effect. When in the act of raising his gun a third time, a ball passed through his right arm, which for a moment disabled him. Seeing

this, the savages rushed for the boat, to board it. Severely wounded as he was, Hubbell rushed to the bow, and assisted in forcing the enemy off, by the discharge of a pair of horse pistols, and by billets of wood. Meeting with so desperate a resistance, the Indians at length discontinued the contest, for the moment.

The boat which Hubbell had recently left behind now appearing in sight, the canoes rushed toward it. They boarded it without opposition, killed Captain Greathouse and a lad, placed the women in the center of their canoes, and then manning them with a fresh reinforcement from the shore, again pursued Hubbell and his party. The melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but desponding men, either of falling a prey to the savages, or to run the risk of shooting the white women in the canoes, purposely placed there by the Indians, in the hope of obtaining protection by their presence. Hubbell, well knowing how little mercy was to be expected if the savages were victorious, did not hesitate. He resolved to war to the last.

There were now but four men left on board of the boat capable of defending it. The Captain himself was severely wounded in two places. Yet the second attack was resisted with incredible firmness. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, the whites would, commonly, give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers and the exhausted condition of Hubbell's party, the Indians, despairing of success, retired to the shore. Just as the last canoe was departing, Hubbell called to the Indian chief in the stern, and on his turning round, discharged his piece at him. When the smoke was dissipated, the savage was seen lying on his back, severely, perhaps mortally, wounded.

Unfortunately, the boat had drifted near to shore, where the Indians were collected, and a large concourse, probably between four and five hundred, were seen rushing down on the bank. Ray and Plascut, the only men remaining unhurt, took to the oars. As the boat was not more than twenty yards from shore, it was deemed prudent for them to lie down, and attempt to paddle out into the river with the utmost practicable rapidity. While thus covered, nine balls were shot into one oar, and ten into the other, without

wounding the rowers, who were protected by the side of the boat and the blankets in its stern. During this exposure to the fire, which continued about twenty minutes, Kilpatrick observed a particular Indian, whom he thought a favorable mark for his rifle, and, despite the solemn warning of Captain Hubbell, rose to shoot the savage. He immediately received a ball in his mouth, which passed out at the back part of his head, and was, almost at the same moment, shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed, presenting to his afflicted daughters and fellow travelers, who were witnesses of the awful occurrence, a spectacle of horror which it were impossible to describe.

The boat, providentially, was then suddenly carried out into the stream, beyond reach of the enemy's balls. The little band, reduced in numbers, wounded, afflicted, and almost exhausted by fatigue, still were unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling to the Indians to come on again if they were fond of the sport.

Thus ended this stubborn conflict, in which only two out of nine men escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatrick were killed on the spot, Stoner was mortally wounded, and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut, were severely wounded. The women and children all were uninjured, excepting a little son of Mr. Plascut, who, after the battle was over, came to the Captain, and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination, it appeared that a bullet, which had passed through the side of the boat, had penetrated the forehead of this little hero, and still remained under the skin. The Captain took it out, when the youth, observing, "That is not all," raised his arm, and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by the skin. His mother exclaimed:

"Why did you not tell me of this?"

"Because," he coolly replied, "the Captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."

Here was true *pluck*.

The boat made its way down the river as rapidly as possible, the object being to reach Limestone that night. The Captain, tormented by excruciating pain, and faint through loss of blood, was under the necessity of steering the boat with his left arm, till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by William Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river, and who was induced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance. By his aid, and that of some other persons, who were in the same manner brought to their relief, the party was enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night. On the arrival of Brooks, Captain Hubbell, relieved from labor and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone, he found himself unable to walk, and was carried up to the tavern. Here he continued several days, until he acquired sufficient strength to proceed homeward.

On the arrival of Hubbell's party at Limestone, they found a considerable force of armed men ready to march against the Indians. They now learned that, on the Sunday preceding, these very same savages had cut off a detachment of men ascending the Ohio from Fort Washington, at the mouth of Licking River, and had killed with their tomahawks, without firing a gun, twenty-one out of twenty-two men, of which the detachment consisted!

Crowds of people, as might be expected, came to examine the boat which had been the scene of so much heroism and such horrid carnage, and to visit the resolute little band by whom it had been so gallantly defended. On examination, it was found that the sides of the boat were literally filled with bullets and bullet-holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above water, which had not either a ball remaining in it, or a hole through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of five feet square there were one hundred and twenty-two. Four horses out of five were killed. The escape of the fifth, amidst such a shower of balls, appears almost miraculous.

The day after the arrival of Captain Hubbell and his companions, the five boats passed on the night preceding the battle reached

Limestone. The Indians, it would appear, had met with too formidable a resistance from a single boat to attack a fleet, and suffered them to pass unmolested. From that time, it is believed that no boat was assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

The force which marched out from Limestone to disperse this formidable body of savages discovered several Indians dead on the shore, near the scene of action. They also found the bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others—men, women and children—who had been on board of his boat. Most of them appeared to have been *whipped to death*, as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and marked with the appearance of lashes; and large rods, which seemed to have been worn with use, were observed lying near them.

It is wonderful, when we consider the perils which beset the early settlers, that Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana did not remain untenanted by white men. We can not open the history of the years, from 1787 to 1814, that we do not find, upon almost every page, a story of suffering, of miraculous escape, or of appalling death which everywhere seemed to be in store for the daring pioneer. In the course of this series of tales we shall have occasion to repeat many of those stirring episodes, which will be perused with commingled feelings of pain and admiration. Every youth, and particularly every one dwelling west of the Alleghanies, should study these episodes, and learn from them through what trials came their blessings.

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